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FROM

Mrs. Charles H. Pope





Out-Door Music

SONGS OF

Birds, Trees, Flowers, The Road
Love, Religion

BY

ELLA GILBERT IVES

"The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way."—H. H.

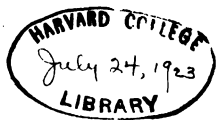
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Dedicated
to
YOU

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BIRDS



AN EASTER CHOIR

N the bare boughs they are
singing and trilling,
Elm-tree cathedral with
melody filling: —
Robin and Bluebird and
little Song Spar-
row,
Dearest of birds, with a
voice like an arrow
That flies to your heart.

Robin leads off, and sings sweeter and faster,
Brimming with love for his crucified Mas-
ter;—

Robin, whose bosom will never stop blushing
For shame at the Cross and for joy at the
flushing
Of glad Easter dawn.

AN EASTER CHOIR

Hark! in the pause, as the voice of an angel,
Tender and far, God's little evangel!
Who lingered in heaven until he could capture
A bit of its blue and a hint of its rapture
Just tinged with regret.

Third little bird no plumage is flaunting,
But oh, with what ardor his bosom is panting!
"Sold for a farthing" — you know the sweet
story —
Yet dear to the Father, who out of the glory
Keeps watch o'er his own.

"Joy!" carols Robin, "the Lord is arisen!"
"Love," sings the Bluebird, "love opened the
prison."
"Sweet, sweet to trust Him," Song Sparrow
is trilling.
O who would not echo the rhapsody thrilling
Of God's little choir!

ROBIN

Robin, Robin, here again,
In the tree-top rocking,
With the old insistent strain
At my heart a-knocking!

Only one,— the door's ajar;
Two, — and it is swinging:
In troop all the birds of spring,
Singing, gayly singing.

Yet the door was bolted fast,
Locked, I thought, securely;
Barricaded with a grave:
"No admittance," surely.

Ah, perhaps that gentle heart
In God's-acre lying,
To that same endearing call
Cannot help replying.

Robin, Robin, when I too
'Neath the grass am sleeping,

ROBIN'S MATE

With thy dear insistent note
Set my pulses leaping;

Slip the death-bolt; calling clear,
"Spring eternal's dawning!"
While thy matchless overture
Leads the birds of morning.



ROBIN'S MATE

Everybody praises Robin,
Singing early, singing late;
But who ever thinks of saying
A good word for Robin's Mate?

Yet she's everything to Robin,
Silent partner though she be;
Source and theme and inspiration
Of each madrigal and glee.

For as she with mute devotion
Shapes and curves the plastic nest,

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

Fashioning a tiny cradle
With the pressure of her breast;

So the love in that soft bosom
Moulds his being as 't were clay,
Prints upon his breast the music
Of his most impassioned lay.

Ah! when next you praise the Robin
Flinging wide the tuneful gate
To his eager brood of love notes,
Don't forget the Robin's Mate.



THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

Up from the south at break of Spring,
A bird with scarlet on his wing,
Like live coal glistening
To set the ebon breast on fire
With inextinguishable desire
To sing

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

A Gur-ga-lee of Spring. —
It is the Starling,
February's darling,
Leading the winged host from Southland,
A multitudinous band
Of blackcoats, iridescent, dyed
In seatints; ivory-eyed
And liquid-voiced: "Gluck, glee,
Gur-ga-lee!"

Far and near
Interspersed, a whistle, clear,
Ringing, resolute, as if a word
Of command — ah, the bird,
The Starling,
February's darling!
Dear to March and April too,
Ever new,
With his note
That on raindrops seems to feed and float;
Half a million raindrops trickling from his
throat

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

Make one "Gur-ga-lee, ga-lee,"
Inimitable note!

By the water courses banked with willows old,
In and out with gleeful shout,
Like a pack of schoolboys on vacation rout,
Whistling, singing, curveting through the
boughs of gold, —

Ah, that willow gold!

An enchanter's wand, it opens
Spring's green portal white with daisies,
As the Redwings thread the mazes;
Edge their epaulets with yellow
While their voices grow more mellow:

"Gur-ga-lee, ga-lee, ga-lee."

Ah, the Starling,

February's darling!

Mine, too, by my birth month's magic fee.

BLUEBIRD'S BEGINNING

A MARCH MELODY

A thrill of joy, a gleam of blue!

Is it a bit of ocean?

A flake of sky of azure hue?

A violet in motion?

A "wandering voice," a vocal sigh!—

Is it some heart a-breaking,

Or angel leaning from the sky,

The bliss of heaven forsaking?

A color tone, a rhapsody!

Is it a blue-bell ringing

The nuptials of the earth and sky?

No: 'tis a bluebird singing.



BLUEBIRD'S BEGINNING

When Nature formed the April sky,

Without a word

She took the azure fragment left,

And made a bird.

BLUEBIRD'S BEGINNING

But lest the little thing should love
The heaven best,
She seized a bit of tawny earth
And tinged its breast.

To make assurance doubly sure,
She framed it so
That evermore, 'twixt earth and sky,
It flieth low.

But in its breast she put a spark
Of heavenly flame,
That, always yearning, seeks the sky
From whence it came.

And so from out that longing breast
Touched with the loam,
A song finds echo in our hearts
Of heaven, our home.

THE DEAREST BIRD

Robin dear, so gaily swinging
On the elm-bough, lightly flinging
Pearls of song upon the empty air around,
 Do you know how long I've waited
 With a heart that's never sated,
For the dearest notes in all the world of
 sound?

Once I heard you loudly laughing,
And your merry voice a-chaffing
By the wind of March was wafted far away;
 Then, your quick, imperious calling,
 On my listening ear a-falling,
Told my heart the Spring must hear you and
 obey.

But your carol, Robin, ringing
Bells of joy! no other singing
Has the gold of either twilight in its note;
 'Tis the sunrise voiced, and feeling
 All the Spring-time gladness, pealing
On the vibrant air from your enchanted throat.

THE DEAREST BIRD

But they tell me, little fellow,
There's a bird with voice more mellow,
And a ruddy waistcoat of a deeper hue;
 Yet there's one thing certain, Robin,
 That your eager heart is throbbin'
With an ardor which that redbreast never
 knew:

For in every sort of weather,
You will sing for hours together
In the elm tree by the dear old garden fence;
 And when all the world is grieving,
 It is almost past believing
How you carol on in every mood and tense.

Spring were never Spring without you;
For though drear the world about you,
You can touch it with a most enchanting
 grace.

Ah, sweet Robin! that I love you
Is no secret; and above you,
Not a darling of the precious wingèd race.

“PHE-BE”

When a torch has lit the marshes and they
 flame with sudden joy,
When the youngest blue-eyed gentian falls
 asleep;
When the jay is hoarding acorns and the
 squirrel cheats the boy,
When the robin goes a-berrying for keep, —
 O the sweetest, dearest sound
 Threads the solitude around,
Binding all our tuneful gleanings in a sheaf:
'T is the little Titmouse calling “Phe-be, Phe-
 be!” softly calling,
Calling “Phe-be!” in the falling of the leaf.

When the boys are playing marbles and the
 girls are jumping rope,
When the maple-sap is dripping in the pail;
When the pussies climb the willows and their
 eyes begin to ope,
When the bluebird flings a turquoise on the
 rail, —
 O the sweetest, dearest call

AN APRIL BIRD

From a pine tree seems to fall,
Loosing from the bough our old and clinging
grief:

'T is the little Titmouse singing "Phe-be, Phe-
be!" softly singing,
Singing "Phe-be!" in the springing of the
leaf.



AN APRIL BIRD

O a winsome sight on an April day,
When clouds hang low and raindrops fall,
Is a red-breast bird, in a coat of gray,
That sings and sings in the elm tree tall,—
"Clear up, clear up, clear,
"Clear away, clear away, clear,
O clear!"

And a joyful sound on an April day,
When the inner sky is overcast,
Is a red-breast bird's exultant lay

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

Rung out on the soul like a bugle blast, —
“Cheer up, cheer up, cheer,
Cheerily, cheerily, cheer,
O cheer!”

But the dearest sound in the April days,
When the evening star in the west burns
low,
Is that red-breast bird's sweet song of praise
Poured out to the one who loves him so, —
“Dearer, dearer, dear,
Dearer than life, than life
More dear!”



THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

If the swaying mountain harebell
Had its choice,
And could shatter the sweet silence
With a voice;

If a violet bud its fragrant
Soul had found,

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

And would breathe the lovely secret
Forth in sound;

If the summer sky the meaning
Of a rune
Would unfold in one enchanting
Bit of tune;

If a poet his fleet fancies,
Sought in vain,
Would o'ertake in one compelling,
Perfect strain;

If a lover his first ardor,
Hidden long,
Would express in one revealing,
Tender song;

Flower and poet, sky and lover,
Well might capture
From a bluebird's throat the melting
Tones of rapture.

"TWINKLEWING AND BLUET"

UTMOST

April without a bluebird!
Ah, what could match her woes,
Save May without a bobolink
Or June without a rose?



"TWINKLEWING AND BLUET"

FOR ROLAND AND MAZIE HODGE

Of all the bonny birds that sing
The sweet old April story,
And render our New England Spring
A wonder and a glory,
I dearly love a winsome pair
Who captured, ere I knew it,
The cosiest ingle of my heart—
Shy Twinklewing and Bluet.

Sky children both; but one has pressed
More close the rounded heaven,

THE GOLDFINCH

And bears within his brighter breast,
A bit of angel leaven.
Like violet petals softly fall
The flakes of song, uncertain
As April snow that skies recall
Behind their misty curtain.

Till April air is blue no more,
Nor hearts there be to rue it,
Live on within a poet's song,
Shy Twinklewing and Bluet.



THE GOLDFINCH

Ere April threw her palette by
From gilding o'er a sunset sky
With primrose gold,
She made a painted butterfly
With wings a-fold.

Then quite enamored of the hue,
She longed to see it wedded to

THE GOLDFINCH

A sunny voice;
And from the birds, a winsome crew,
She made her choice:

A little finch, in olive gear,
With wings of black and vestments sere,
But happy heart;
So full of joy that half the year
A song would start.

She dyed the back with cunning art,
And covered o'er the fluttering heart
With gleaming gold;
But striving wing she left apart,
Black as of old.

And on the tiny head of brown
A litle cap she fitted down
To match the wings;
For April thus her darkest frown
O'er sunshine flings.

TO THE CHICKADEE

And all the gold was only lent
For half the year because 't was meant
 To match the song;
As if an April sunbeam sent
 Its voice along.



TO THE CHICKADEE

Thou darling of the year,
Sweet messenger of cheer,
 Lone winter bird!
No chorus of the spring,
No summer raptures bring
 So dear a word.

'Tis not thy varied art;
Few play so small a part
 As thou, sweet bird;
But in my inmost heart
The tender echoes start
 When thou art heard.

TO THE CHICKADEE

No rival hast thou now,
Perched on the leafless bough,
A tuneful bird.
The robin's voice is mute,
And still the thrush's lute,
With hope deferred.

A modest, homespun thing,
Not tireless on the wing,
Dear Quaker bird!
But when thy form I spy
Against the wintry sky,
My soul is stirred:

For this thy voice to me,
When all are mute but thee,
My little bird:—
"Sing when thy sky is gray;
Sing on thy wintry day
A cheering word.

ROBIN SINGING IN THE RAIN

"Contented with thy lot,
Melodious make each spot;
Be thou a bird:
And though thy range be small,
The humblest of them all,
Thou shalt be heard."



ROBIN SINGING IN THE RAIN

Dear the bluebird's dewy warble,
Passing dear the evening strain
Of the hermit and the veery;
But within my heart hath lain
Deeper still the voice of Robin,
Robin singing in the rain.

Glad the whistle of the redwing,
Joy is always in its train;
Bobolink's ecstatic music

THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

Plucks the very thorn of pain;
But I love my mellow-hearted
Robin, singing in the rain.

Ah, my Robin, mellow-hearted,
Not a ripened note in vain;
I will tune my pipe to yours, dear,
Slender though its one refrain;
Happiness is born of singing,
Just of singing in the rain.



THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

A rose leaned over the garden wall,
A red June rose,
In the passionate throes
Of a wild desire —
Consuming her heart with its mystical fire —
To liberate all the tumultuous throng

THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

Of feelings unvoiced, in a rapturous song:
All her hope and despair
Upmounted as incense, a tremulous prayer.

A bird flew into the elm-tree tall, —
 With a snowy breast,
 And an ebon crest,
And close to his throat,
O wonder of wonders! a red rose pressed;
Whence came such a note!
So thrilling and clear,
And tied in a love-knot with others more dear;
Then after and after,
The notes crowded on in a ripple of laughter,
Full freighted with gladness outweighing all
 mirth.

Ah! the rose had new birth
 On the breast of a bird;
 For her prayer had been heard;
And higher and higher,
Her soul floated out on that wonderful lyre.

A LITTLE MINISTER

I know a little minister
Who has a big degree;
Just like a long-tailed kite he flies
His "D.D.D.D.D."
His pulpit is old fashioned, though
Made out of verdant pine;
His great-grandfather preached in it,
In days of auld lang syne.

Sometimes this little minister
Forgets his parson's airs:
I saw him turn a somersault
Right on the pulpit stairs;
And once, in his old meeting-house,
He climbed into the steeple
And rang a rusty chime of bells
To call the feathered people.

He has a modest helpmeet, too,
Who wears a gown and cap,
And is so very wide-awake,
She seldom takes a nap.

A LITTLE MINISTER

She preaches, also, — sermonettes
With headlets one, two, three,
In singing monosyllables
Beginning each with D.

But O her little minister,
She does almost adore:
I've heard her call her sweet "D.D."
Full twenty times or more.
And his pet polysyllable, —
Why, did you hear it never?
He calls her "Phe-be-B," so dear,
I'd listen on forever.

Now if there is a Bright-eyes small
Who'd like to go with me,
And on his cautious tiptoes ten
Creep softly to a tree,
I'll coax the little minister
To quit his leafy perch,
And show this quiet boy or girl
The way to go to church;

BOBOLINK

And where his cozy parsonage
Is hidden in the trees,
And how in summer it is full
Of little D.D.D.'s.
Then if Bright-eyes will prick his ears,
He'll hear the titmice say
"Good morning," which in Chickadese,
Is always "Day, day, day."



BOBOLINK

Bobolink! Bobolink!
Do you ever stop to think
What a very odd appearance you must make,
With your sombre face and vest,
And cravat to match the rest,
And your trimmings all on top as by mistake?

Bobolink! Bobolink!
Here's a fact you cannot blink,

BOBOLINK

Though you are so very shrewd and solemn-
eyed:—

There's a posy on your head,
And the coat in which you wed,
Like the Piper's is most singularly pied.

Bobolink! Bobolink!
With your "spink, spank, spink!"
And your jolly little trills and quavering,
Is your madly merry glee
But a lover's ecstasy?
Does that "brook o' laughter" flow only in
spring?

Bobolink! Bobolink!
With your cap as black as ink,
And your pretty flower that always blooms in
May,
Is it true you live in clover
Till the honeymoon is over,
And then doff your wedding coat and fly
away?

BOBOLINK

Bobolink! Bobolink!
O how I hate to think
You a gay deceiver when you wooing go;
That your jaunty cap and feather
Will not bear all kinds of weather,
But are just put on for courting and for show.

Bobolink! Bobolink!
Ah! I caught that knowing wink
As you curveted and caroled to your mate;
And although your Brownie's coy,
Yet your super-avian joy
Were enough the hardest heart to captivate.

Bobolink! Bobolink!
How you lure me to the brink
Of despair with your inimitable lay!
Ah, no wonder it is brief
Like the beauty of the leaf;
Who would not be mute a year for such a
May!

ROBIN'S THANKSGIVING
PROCLAMATION

Ho all ye Massachusetts birds!
To Boston Common flock;
And we will raise a hymn of praise
To make the State House rock.

For never since the white man took
Our heaven-born rights away,
Have we had cause to keep as now
A glad Thanksgiving Day.

The old Bay State — thank God! — has made
Her feathered children free;
And birds and men together dwell
In peace and amity.

Big yellow-hammer, fetch your drum
And beat a "rat-tat-too;"
And all the downy woodpeckers
Shall furnish sticks for you.

For nevermore your motley coat
Or shining badge of red

ROBIN'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

Shall serve a sportsman for a mark,
Or deck a woman's head.

Come, busy nuthatch, with your awl,
But never mind your notes;
Unless you've dropped your nasal chords
And tuned your husky throats.

Dear Quaker titmouse, bring along
In Chickadese your score;
And don't forget your "phe-be" song
To meet the first encore.

And all ye little sparrow birds,
Put on your daintiest frills;
And fill your bosoms full of notes,
Of quavers, and of trills.

You modest creeper clad in brown,
They say you sing, — in firs —
If so, you'll surely come to town,
Nor fear the milliners.

ROBIN'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

And dearest bluebird, from your mouth
A song of praise is due;
For none of all our feathered kind
Has suffered more than you:

So stay your Southern trip awhile,
Where perils still abound,
And let your gentle voice with ours
In glad thanksgiving sound.

The grateful choir of winter birds
Shall make the welkin ring
Till all the migrants hurry north
To see if it is spring.

And when the summer birds come back,
To stay in Fatherland,
We'll join the coats of varied hue
And form a patriot band,

To rid the soil of every foe,
To guard the leafy trees,

ROBIN'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

And make of all the noxious weeds
Our wholesome granaries.

And now three cheers, and robins lead,
For legislators kind;
And three for Hoar, whom we adore
For speaking out our mind.

And all ye little female birds,
Join in as heart delights;
For friendly Hoar — God bless him more! —
Believes in equal rights.

Then for our State, to latest time
Millennial joy we'll seek;
While o'er and o'er we sing of Hoar,
The champion of the weak.

October, 1897, after the passage of a protective law largely
due to Senator Hoar's Bird Petition to the General Court of
Massachusetts.

A SONG IN THE RAIN

TO A WOOD THRUSH

That matchless strain again, and yet again,
Grave minstrel of the wood! I know not why,
But every crystal drop is like a sigh
From Beauty's soul, which travaileth in pain
To yield her birthright to the adoring brain
And passionate heart. Forever could I lie
At Beauty's door, as courtier at the high
Behest of queen; though evermore in vain.
Nay, not in vain, I wait as Beauty's heir,
Thou sweet revealer of love's secret stair!
To climb and climb yet never to attain,
Is in itself an ecstasy of pain
Than joy more sweet. To seek the shining
goal,
The keenest rapture of a climbing soul.



A SONG IN THE RAIN

[INTERVALE WOODS]

O hark! the forest plays its flute:
Above the dripping of the rain,

A SONG IN THE RAIN

A tone that knows not mortal pain,
Serener than a seraph's lute,
Its skyward flight is winging.

Anon, cool silvery bells are rung:
An airy chime, each sphere of sound
Now jostling other in a round
Of melody, like bright drops flung
From music's fountain, ringing.

Again, again, that liquid note
As pure and crystalline as dew,
From far-off spaces in the blue,
Between the rain-drops seems to float,
A benediction bringing.

Now near, now far, the music dies
And lives again: the wood's deep heart
Throbs through the rain; a soul apart,
In love with heaven, melodious sighs, —
The Hermit Thrush is singing.

A VESPER SERVICE

Sing on, sweet bird! for not in vain
The aspiration in your breast:
Behold! far down the shining west,
Beyond the falling of the rain,
The pearly gates are swinging.



TO THE HERMIT THRUSH

All day beneath thine hermitage on high,
I hear the solemn wind-harp of the sky;
At eve, thine *ave* blends, while beads of gold,
Dear hermit, from thy rosary are told.
Grave warder of the pine, O hear my prayer,—
And to this tender requiem of the air,
Add thou a *vale* when I near the goal,
And ring a *salve* for my passing soul.



A VESPER SERVICE

The church, a grand old forest,
With gothic arches high;

A VESPER SERVICE

And many mullioned windows
Thrown open to the sky.

The carpet, soft as silence;
The color-tone serene —
A quivering diapason
Of gray and gold and green.

The chorister, a pewee,
Who pitched the tune so high
It seemed to come from heaven
Right down the vaulted sky.

Ethereal flutes for organs;
The thrushes furnished these.
And zephyr played the harp-strings
On all the forest trees.

A wise old pine, the preacher;
His theme, "the falling leaf."
The meditation lengthy,
The application brief.

THE VEERY

Once, in a lull, sweet laughter
From bobolink or brook,
Who heard the solemn preacher
And just ran in to look.

O how the congregation
Joined in the closing lays,
Till rang the leafy arches
With nature's hymn of praise!

Then from his mountain altar,
God spread his gracious hands
In sunset benediction
O'er all the happy lands.



THE VEERY

What little bird of all I know
Is purer than the driven snow,
And surely will to heaven go?—
The Veery, O the Veery!

TREES

TREES



IN THE PINES

HE murmuring pines —
their meaning, ah,
who can tell?

I have sought the se-
cret long, for I love
it well —

That sound as of waves
on the breast of aerial seas;
The sweetest of woodland voices, the sough
of the trees.

A moment since, and the silence was deep,
profound,
As if Nature's heart were listening for its
own sound;
Then out of the fragrant stillness, a faint sigh
stirred,
And shaped itself into music — or was it a
word?

IN THE PINES

The half articulate murmur a language wove,
To solve whose hidden meaning, my spirit
 strove;

Till the sweet spell caught and held me, lest
 I refuse

To this poem of the ages my heart to lose.

And then I knew that the language was never
 meant

To be humanly translated; but only lent,
Like the strange Hebraic title for Israel's
 God,

To be felt, but never uttered — a sacred word.

And now, when the faint sigh deepening swells
 in the trees,

Then wavelike ebbs on the breast of aerial
 seas,

I know that on nature's wind-harp a hand
 doth play

Of One who walks in His garden in the cool
 of the day.

MOULTONBORO, N. H.

LITTLE TREES

I love the pines, the stately pines,
That cleave the sky in arrowy flight;
I love the solemn forest shrines
Where hemlocks woo the sacred night;
I love the bonny birches tall
That flutter in the passing breeze
With coy delight; but best of all
I love the winsome little trees.

In merry company they crowd
The pasture lands, my steps to greet;
The mountain brook doth laugh aloud
With glee, when on its banks we meet.
A bobolink called "Here!" twice over
For naught; my heart was ill at ease,
Because in that sweet meadow clover
I looked in vain for little trees.

In deep cathedral woods I'm lonely;
An orchard's well-kept close annoys;
The serried mountain top lacks only
One charm; the laden vineyard cloy;
The ocean's blue and foamy splendor

AN APRIL BIRCH

Would satisfy one hard to please,—
But ah! my heart is strangely tender,
And misses sore the little trees.

I know not why I love so dearly
Fond Nature's nurslings,—naughty minx!
Who made me thus to show full clearly
The human heart's the greatest sphinx—
But this I know, all doubting o'er,
When I shall cross the border seas
And land on Canaan's happy shore,
My heart will search for little trees.



AN APRIL BIRCH

The breath of God is in the breeze
And touches all the quivering trees.
But one, in maiden mood apart,
To hold communion with her heart,
In awe-struck beauty now receives
The heavenly tidings in her leaves:

ARMORY OF THE SKY

Resistless as the golden shower
That entered Danaë's brazen tower,
God's sunbeams on her whiteness fall
And life leaps up to meet his call.



THE ARMORY OF THE SKY

The trees are clad in armor bright;
Each one a full accoutered knight;
But this, a slender birch, arrayed
In dazzling white, a warrior maid,
Her flashing helmet wears with ease,
And sheathes her sword — Jeanne D'Arc of
trees.

Ah, Heaven, that wrought her warlike mien,
Deal gently with this rustic queen,
And send the softest airs that blow
To strip her panoply of snow.

"LIVING GREEN"

THE ALMONER

Each bush and tree, with empty palms
Outstretched in grief, besought an alms:
Kind heaven, with affluence oppressed,
The humblest weed in jewels dressed,
And every fallow field o'erspread
With covering for a bridal bed;
While freighted branches, bending low,
Wrought beauty's curve with flakes of snow.



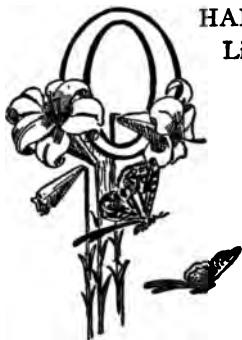
"LIVING GREEN"

The sky and water wear a lovely hue, —
A dreamy, soft, delicious, melting blue;
But bird-like, all my soul its weight doth lean
On earth's tree-rounded breast of "living
green."

FLOWERS

FLOWERS

DAFFODILS



HARK! a far, ethereal ring,
Like echoes faintly fall-
ing, —

It is the spirit of the
Spring
Her dreamland chil-
dren calling.

On lightsome foot she
speeds along
The breezy hills and
valleys,

And with the faintest breath of song
Her flowery clans she rallies.

Their curls the dandelions shake,
The grass springs up to meet her,

DAFFODILS

And violet eyes are wide awake,
While arbutus grows sweeter.

The woodland blossoms strew her way,
The elm with ardor flushes,
And apple buds that dream of May
No longer hide their blushes.

But naught so dear to winsome Spring,
No beauty so beguiling,
As this bright sheen of gold and green
Where daffodils are smiling.

She pauses in her airy flight,
To seize her golden treasure;
One, yea, a million trumpets bright
Await her lips' soft pressure.

A breath — and such melodious sighs
In pulsing waves are breaking,
As when the gates of Paradise
The angels were forsaking;

TO A VIOLET

For when they dropped their golden horns,
Dear heaven of music robbing,
The lovely daffodils were born
To keep the earth from sobbing.



TO A VIOLET

FOUND UNDER THE SNOW

Thou little waif from far-off skies,
How heavenly-blue thy serious eyes!
What uncoined gold within thine heart!
A very thought of God thou art.
Within thy sheltering nest of green,
A hidden life was thine, unseen,
Unnoted, save by Him who knows
And counts the treasures of the snows.

Sweet flower, as thou on lowly sod,
So I upon the will of God
Would rest; beneath His brooding love,
So like the soft, white snow above

APRIL

Thy gentle head, I'd patient wait;
And though my longed-for spring come late,
I'd lift to God an eye as true
As thine, thou bit of heavenly-blue!



APRIL

A million melting flakes of snow;
A hundred brooklets trickling slow;
The earth in green with patch of brown
Upon her crocus-broidered gown,—
That's April!

A flock of clouds wind-shepherded
Through blue-green pastures overhead;
A glint of color in the trees;
A robin's note upon the breeze,—
That's April!

A whiff of smoke, an earthy smell;
The ringing of a warbler's bell;

A QUAKER MEETING

Hepatica in furry hood,
And many-colored as her mood,—
That's April!

A sudden quickening of the heart
As if forget-me-nots would start;
A timid Joy that stirs and sings;
A fluttering of the spirit's wings,—
That's April!



A QUAKER MEETING

(*Houstonia coerulea*: BLUEETS, QUAKER LADIES)

'T was in an ancient meeting-house
Made out of pine and birch;
Its arches open to the sky —
This old, old-fashioned church.
Its floor uncarpeted, and yet
As soft as velvet pile,
For mosses covered all the boards
And grass grew in the aisle.

A QUAKER MEETING

The Quaker ladies all in white
Were waiting by the door,
Or standing tiptoe on the green
That emeraled the floor.
Their snowy kerchiefs streaked with blue
Were crossed with sun-bright rays,
And from their golden hearts uprose
A silent hymn of praise.

Some little ones scarce two days old
Were on their mothers' breast,
As sleepy-eyed as downy birds
Just peeping in the nest.
Poor innocents! they had to rise
So early to be christened;
The pearly drops fell from the skies
And on their foreheads glistened.

Their names were Tiny, Sweet, and Wee,—
Three little Quaker girls;
And dozens more as sisterly
And prettier than pearls.

A QUAKER MEETING

Mamma Houstonia was dead
 (Her maiden name was Bluet),
But foster-mother Earth instead
 Took care that none should rue it.

You'd never know the Quaker lads
 Apart from Quaker lasses;
But parson Bee is very wise
 And sees without his glasses.
Besides, he takes the wedding-fee
 (In pollen-gold 't is paid),
And steals a kiss all honey-sweet
 From every blushing maid.

O don't you wish you'd been there too,
 To hear the serial story
That filled the quaint old meeting-house
 With April-morning glory?
Then just make "Friends" of one and all
 And give them early greeting,
And with some Innocent you're sure
 To go to Quaker meeting.

MAY-FLOWER

Have you been to Plymouth woods
In the tender days of spring,
When snowy pinion broods
Each downy sleeping thing?

Have you brushed away the shroud
From baby buds and blooms,
And seen the darlings crowd
From out their leafy tombs?

Have you heard the sparrows trill
Their resurrection lays,
And fashion with a thrill
Their rippling song of praise?

Have you folded to your heart
The firstlings of the May,
Till of your life a part
They came to be away?

Do you know the spell that broods,
Ineffable, divine,

PANSY

Above the Plymouth woods
And at the flowery shrine?

'T was here Priscilla walked
In vernal days of yore,
And with the woodland talked
And learned its mystic lore.

From this shy flower she sought
The secret of its grace,
Till from the wood she brought
A May-flower in her face.



PANSY (PAN'S-EYE)

"Great Pan is dead!"
She said —
Sweet singer on a daisied lea
Across the sea;
And none denied.
But see! he wakes

APPLE-BLOSSOMS — CHERRY BLOOM

As morning breaks,
And opens wide
His glowing eye.
Ah, more! in million-eyed
Majestic pride,
He upward gazes at the sky
And sees the wheeling worlds go by.
Pan only slept; he cannot die;
Immortal youth beams from his eye.



APPLE BLOSSOMS

O blush of beauty! mortal never thought
So fair a thing as thou;
But God the miracle hath wrought
On every bough.



CHERRY BLOOM

White cherry bloom,
You fill my room

GOLDENROD

With multitudinous Attic bees;
Yet though importunate fancy tease,
They will not sting
Nor even sip
My eager lip;
But with light wing
They fan my cheek,
And honey on Hymettus seek.



GOLDENROD

(*Solidago*)

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL FLOWER — SET TO
MUSIC

Sing a song of Goldenrod,
The dearest flower that grows!
And let it be a merry glee
That everybody knows.
For we rejoice the nation's choice
Is not the queenly rose.
O Goldenrod! bright Goldenrod!

GOLDENROD

We'll sing your praises ever.
Though but a weed,
Your voice we'll heed,
"Our Union none can sever."

Sing a song of Goldenrod!
The bonniest flower of all
That garner light from sunshine bright
Wherever sunbeams fall.
And let the glee ring glad and free
From cottage and from hall.
O Goldenrod! dear Goldenrod!
We'll sing your praises ever.
Though but a weed,
Your voice we'll heed,—
"Our Union none can sever."

Sing a song of Goldenrod!
The truest bit of gold
That ever gleams by woodland streams
Or on the wayside wold;
Till o'er and o'er, from shore to shore,
The echoes sweet are rolled.

THE CARDINAL FLOWER

O Goldenrod! dear Goldenrod!
We'll sing your praises ever.
Though but a weed,
Your voice we'll heed, —
"Our Union none can sever."



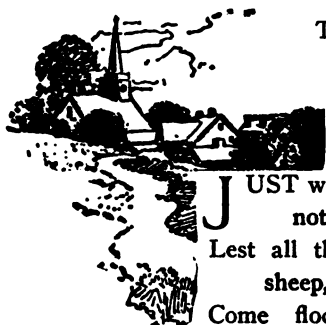
THE CARDINAL FLOWER

In dim and cloistered nook,
Where slips a quiet brook,
A stolèd priest intones —
To liquid sighs and moans —
A penitential psalm.

The pallid sunrays glide
Across his vestments, dyed
In Golgotha's deep hue,
And damp with chrism-dew
From Calvary's nailèd palm.

THE ROAD

THE ROAD



THE

COUNTRY

ROAD

JUST where it lies I dare
not tell,
Lest all the city folk like
sheep,
Come flocking out, and
break the spell /

That bids my sober Reason sleep,
And frolic Fancy dance and sing,
As down the country road I swing.

At morning, from the sunrise gates
It starts; and at the shining bars
Of sunset land, one always waits
To open up the field of stars;
In summer, when the days are long,
And my good pilgrim staff is strong.

THE COUNTRY ROAD

Now grave it is, as if, no doubt,
The work-day world's severe highway;
Now lightly curving in and out
It runs, as if a child at play;
And then I share its merry mood
And gaily trudge o'er many a rood.

The fair procession of the flowers
Marks off the calendar of days;
And ne'er was dial of the hours
So musical as lightsome lays
Of happy birds, in hedge and wood
That line with cheer the country road.

Ah! when in life's late afternoon
Through arching boughs the sunbeams glow,
And in the west the sickle moon
Its harvest portent hangeth low,
O may I by the country road
Pass on to Beulah's blest abode!

DAWN

Was it the heart of a rose,
Or the breast of a bird,
Or the wing of an angel unfurled
To brood o'er the world?

And was it first seen or heard
Or only just felt —
That palpitant, rapturous hue
That spread o'er the blue?

Or did it first melt
Through my dreams, and their gray
Transfuse with the flush of a day
Newly born? Ah, who knows?

Only this: Something lifted my eyelids, and
there
In the east, a great pearl had been dropped in
the cup of the air,
And dissolving in beauty it lay,
At the break of the day.

JANUARY 1, 1901

AFTERGLOW

The vast enfolding mist, a veil
Impenetrate of deep reserve,
Hides sunset gold from hill and dale
And deepening gloom of valley curve.

But, something dearer bides its hour
And on the bar in music steals, —
The glow that quivers in a flower
Or with a blush its beauty seals.

It deepens, as the tender light
Of dawning love to rapture grows,
Till bursts upon the eager sight
A perfect symphony of rose.

The emerald earth, the hills of blue,
Keep each their solemn state apart;
While all the meaning of that hue
In wonder flames from heart to heart.

So one may miss life's joyous gold
Whose violet shadows soothe and bless;

FULL MOON

Yet love's pink flower may still unfold
Its heart of welling tenderness.

And though no mystic fingers play
Upon the earth in music low,
God's touch may round one's sober day
To blessedness in *afterglow*.

Sunset from Roger's Hill, Moultonboro, New Hampshire.



FULL MOON

Upon the moon's clear disk I plainly trace
The lovely outline of an angel's face;
And just above the crown of golden hair,
A "little one" is lifted high in air.
O mother-heart, illuminate the scene! —
"Beholding God," those guardian eyes serene.

THE SKY

The mighty arch is always there;
God never leaves it out;
On land or sea, or foul or fair,
It clasps the world about;
And whether it be blue or gray,
It lifts the soul away, away.

When clouds droop lowest, still there's room
To loyally aspire;
And many a rift within the gloom
Through which to press still higher,
To open spaces far away,
Where souls breathe free away, away.

When, like a waveless ocean deep,
It sweeps from pole to pole,
Then up its glorious blue steep
It lures the timid soul
To give its skyward yearnings play,
And find its wings away, away.

O lift your eyes to yonder dome,
And teach your heart to fly

SNOWFLAKES—NEPONSET RIVER

On love's bright pinions to your home,
The illimitable sky;
For whether it be blue or gray,
It symbolizes heaven alway.



SNOWFLAKES

Gently falling from the sky,
Countless stars are passing by;
Each a flawless crystal set
In the New Year's coronet.
Starred and gemmed the wintry sod
From the treasure house of God.



THE NEPONSET RIVER FROM MILTON HILL

Upon the meadow's breast, asleep, the river
lies;
As softly blue, serenely deep, as yonder skies.

TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

Across its cheek the rosy flush of Autumn
gleams;

Drifts o'er its brow a cloud's faint hush: the
river dreams.

So still, so breathless, can it be
The river yearneth to the sea?

O dreaming river! through my soul thine
image glides;

And drawing near the solemn goal, the great
sea-tides,

O'er life's far levels, brown and sere, its wave-
lets creep,

And knowing that the end is near, are lulled
asleep:

So calm, so tranquil, yet so free,
Because so near the boundless sea.



TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

Thou solitary thing!

Thou choir of voices!

TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

Thou bird with clipped wing
That yet rejoices!

Thou spirit of the wild
With mischief laden!
Thou smiling, gleeful child!
Thou wistful maiden!

Thou mirror of my youth!
Thou prophet lonely!
Art thou in very truth
A streamlet only?

Thy lulling monotone,
The soul of slumber,
Hath yet the faintest moan
Its rest to cumber.

Thy joyousness is marred
With softest sighing;
Thy sweetest smiles ill-starred,
In shadows dying.

TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

For life itself, thou art
To storms a debtor;
The sun can still thine heart,
The frost-king fetter.

And yet — O hard constraint! —
Forever going,
Thou canst not still thy plaint
Of ceaseless flowing.

O merry little stream
With laughter bubbling,
O moody little stream
With sadness troubling,

I know thee what thou art, —
My spirit's double!
To live from thee apart,
Were sorest trouble.

I'll make my fancy's home
In thy soft hollows;
And wheresoe'er thou'lt roam,
My spirit follows.

SONG OF THE GRASS

Sprung from the bosom of earth, the all-
mother,
Each little brother
Somewhere the face of the earth is renewing,
Brown lips bedewing,
Cooling her pulses with verdurous balm,
Living a psalm.

In the grim trenches where foemen lie bleach-
ing,
A mantle beseeching, —
Eagerly creeping, of odorous clover
Weaving a cover,
Blown on the breezes, we ripple and quiver,
A Lethean river.

Out in the open where lambkins are resting,
Brooding wings nesting,
Butterflies sporting and bumble-bees straying,
Children a-Maying, —
Giving our choicest to God's little singers,
We are life-bringers.

A LOVER TO THE HILLS

Waiting the hour of Immanuel's knocking
And the sheep-flocking,
Low in God's-Acre our hands interlacing,
Fingers we're placing
Slender and white on the earth-weary sleep-
ers, —
Lowly gate-keepers.

Gifted by God with so manifold graces,
Dreariest places
Sweetly adorning, o'er hillslope, through hol-
low,
Seaward we follow,
Everywhere pressing green arms of caressing,
Everyone blessing.



A LOVER TO THE HILLS

My little hills, I dare to call you mine
By lover's sacred right; a bond divine
That only kindred spirits feel hath knit
Our very souls in one. No counterfeit

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

Of Love is this; for all my being thrills
With joy unutterable, my little hills,
Whene'er I touch your velvet cheek, or lie
Enshadowed, underneath your watchful eye.

And you, great hills of God, whose brows
sublime

Confront th' Eternal, shall my thought dare
climb

Your shining peaks, transfigured in the light
Ineffable? Yea: fling an arm of might
About my feeble spirit till I'm filled
With strength divine; your own deep peace
instilled;

Tumultuous joy to adoration grown
For you, O steadfast hills, God's very own



THE FOOT-PATH WAY

Ah, who shall dare to pluck a rose
And rhyme a garland for a day;

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

When one hath wrought in jewelled prose
The dew-drops of the foot-path way,
And with a magic pen hath spun
The web of gold that mantles June!—
And yet the robin carols on,
While chants the thrush his mellow tune.

Across the meadow, up the hill,
It runs, the merry foot-path way!
But loiters by the mountain rill,
As if 't were tired of fun and play.
Then o'er the stones it leaps and sings;
For well it likes abroad to roam,
And with its gleeful curvetings
Entice reluctant feet to roam.

It wanders through the pasture land,
And touches mother Earth's worn face
So softly, with caressing hand,
She dimples o'er with smiling grace;
And rosy blushes faintly play;
While every sweet and growing thing,

THE FOOT-PATH WAY

At her desire, along the way
Its fairest tribute fain would fling.

And now 't is lost in honest doubt
Which way to turn — this foot-path way;
For winged reasons fly about
And coax it here or there to stray:
Then quick it runs into the wood,
On meditation deep inclined:
And only he may share its mood
Who is of kindred heart and mind.

O narrow is the foot-path way,
And oft so steep no two can climb;
Unless, unless, it happen may,
Their dual heart-throbs measure time;
Ah, then, Elysian fields are crossed
Where asphodels in meadows flower;
And though the foot-path way is lost,
Its goal is won in Eden's bower.

THE HALF-WAY BROOK TO OSSIPEE MOUNTAIN

I must go, I must go;
Hinder not, it were woe, direst woe,
To resist destiny;
And the bride of the sea
I must be;
Hinder not; set me free!

In the morn
Of the world I was born;
Yet I'm young as the far
Shining star
And as free.
Liberty
Is my life,
Yet inexorable strife
I must wage with the sea,
Or his bride I must be;
Let me go!
It were woe, direst woe,
To resist destiny.

THE HALF-WAY BROOK

In a cleft of the rock
I was born,
On the morn
Of the world; ice-cradled to rock
Till the sun set me free.

Ah! the sun is my sire;
And there's fire
In my soul,
As I roll, ever roll
To my fate
In the arms of the sea,
Whom I hate
Bitterly.
I am torn from your side
Whom I love, and whose bride
I would be,
Were I free.
Frost and fire should not wed,
And the sea is cold;
Youth and age should not wed,
And the sea is old.

MY MOUNTAIN LAND

I would flee, I would flee
From the terrible sea;
But I'm doomed from my birth
From the womb of the earth,
To his arms, and in vain
You restrain;
To my woe
I must go;
Hinder not,
'T is my lot
To go on to the sea,
To the smiling, beguiling, inexorable sea!



MY MOUNTAIN LAND

My mountain land! my mountain land!
Once more within your temples grand
I softly tread, as one of old
On holy ground, by love made bold.
By love made prayerful, on your sod,
My spirit kneeling climbs to God.

THE NAMELESS BROOK

My mountain land! my mountain land!
Athirst for life, from your dear hand
I take the glorious draught that fills
My veins with strength of mighty hills;
My quickened soul, new-born, o'erleaps
With god-like bound your awful steeps;

And standing as archangel now,
With foot upon your sovereign brow,
And soul erect, its pinions grown
Full-statured, to the Great White Throne
I soar in thought, whose pillars stand—
Ah, who can doubt!—on mountain land.



THE NAMELESS BROOK: A SYMBOL

O unknown brook, I know a life like thine,
That has its source in far-off hills divine.

In liquid freshness through the world it slips
And violets gather at its finger-tips.

MOUNT CHOCORUA

An artist mixed his colors by its flow,
And on his canvas falls the after-glow.

A lover listens at its lips apart,
And breathless, hears the story of his heart.

A poet makes its wordless song his own
And grows immortal through the monotone.

And yet — the world dreams not the debt it
owes
A life like thine, sweet brook, that nameless
flows.



MOUNT CHOCORUA

Along the wide horizon all the night
The lightning played, and smote with rapier
glance

The clouds in twain, as if a Titan's lance
Were cleaving worlds. Then with exultant
might

It rent the veil that hid thy brow of light,

CHOCORUA AND SHADOW

Chocorua; and from a vaporous trance
Awoke thee to the pomp and circumstance
Of day's most glorious pageant: banners bright
Flung out upon the sky; a conqueror's train
Of captives following close thy chariot wheel;
Each mighty peak in splendid purple state
With jewels flecked; but on thy brow the seal
Of sovereignty, O peerless Mount! and plain
Thy scutcheon beautiful of august fate.



CHOCORUA AND SHADOW

Of all the jewels fair that deck the zone of
mother Earth,
This *lapis lazuli*, methinks, the gem of rarest
worth
Save one,— the blue intaglio cut by stroke of
sunshine clear
Upon Chocorua's lonely lake, its double and
its peer.

WHITTIER'S PINE. *

Well named, thou solemn-browed and rugged
pine!

Sole monarch of this mountain solitude,
And rare interpreter of nature's mood
In many a hidden thought and mystic sign,
Translated from mute speech into divine
Reverberating music! Wind-harp rude,
That for a century hast calmly stood
For God's sweet breath to blow through,—
such as thine

That poet soul. By tempest driven he cleaves
The rock's security; his singing leaves
Bear healing for the nations; patiently,
As taught by Nature, toward the starry sky,
He lifts a stately growth, with single aim
To bless; and lo! a crown of love and fame.

* On a bold bluff overlooking Squam Lake is a majestic pine tree, once a favorite resort of our dear Quaker poet. It bears the honored name of him who made the beautiful region storied in song.

AN OLD ROAD

SQUAM LAKE

"Lake of the Northland!" wedded to the heart,
That holds on this fair realm "a lover's claim,"
In all thy varied lineaments, his name
I read, writ large. For thou a mirror art
Of heaven's enchanting smiles; her lowerings
start

Thy solemn portents. Thus his soul, aflame
With wrath against his country's sin and
shame,

Is her most gentle muse; now set apart,
Enskied and sainted, in a solitude
Of purity and peace, like your calm mood,
Cerulean waters! girt by mountains round,
As God's dear poet by majestic bound
Of His almighty arm. Beloved lake,
Thou art more fondly dear for Whittier's sake.



AN OLD ROAD

I know a dear old road
Whose stones are worn by time

AN OLD ROAD

Smooth as an antique rhyme
Where liquid verse hath flowed.

Escaped from fenced fields,
Bright blossoms roam the way,
Where one long holiday
The loitering summer yields.

The playful grasses cross
Their blades in mimic joust,
And o'er the conquered dust
Their plummy feathers toss.

The timid birds grow bold
And come in pairs to drink,
When rain hath filled the brink
Of thirsty hollows old.

Shy squirrels crack their nuts
In blissful quietude,
For e'en the wayside wood
Is leaning o'er the ruts.

AN OLD ROAD

Sweet airs blow all the day
From honeyed clover farms;
And insects chirp alarms
To frolic weeds at play.

All wild things roam at will
The path disused and old,
Till gathered in the fold
Of evening, strong and still.

No foot of toil may tread
This sylvan solitude;
No care doth dare intrude,
Or sorrow lift its head.

But little children toy
With painted butterflies;
And Love hides tell-tale eyes
With wreaths of travellers' joy.

While one who walks apart,
With mute, expectant look,

THE HEAVENLY QUEST

Cons lore from this old book
Surpassing Shakespeare's art.

Why do I love the road?
It hath a counterpart
In regions of my heart,
And draws like starry lode.



THE HEAVENLY QUEST

Why so blithe, good pilgrim, — footsore, and
yet so gay?

"I am lightly stepping heavenward, all the
livelong day."

Why so starry-eyed, sweet seer? do stones
yield visions bright?

"I am climbing angel ladders all the livelong
night."

LOVE

LOVE

A FLOWN BIRD TO HER MATE



FLYING, flying, in the light
of God's dear smile;
Singing, singing, making
glad each weary mile;
Resting, resting in the heart that
shelters me;
Thinking, thinking winged thoughts
that fly to thee.

Praying, praying, every breath and sigh a
prayer;

Trusting, trusting, with a faith that knows no
care;

Hoping, hoping, cradled fears are lulled to
rest;

Loving, loving, — ah! my darling, this is best.

HER NAME

I see it through all sweet disguise;

I hear it in each muted note;

Upon the air it seems to float;

'T is graven on the starry skies;

Its golden lines cross nature's book;

It trembles on the bluebell's lip;

Its lovely liquids purling slip

Along the channel of the brook;

It flames upon a sunset cloud;

Its markings vein a forest leaf;

It rustles in the garnered sheaf;

The limpid raindrops spell it loud;

The frost-flakes write it crystal clear;

The pine trees breathe it with a sigh;

The sea waves sing its lullaby;

The silence maketh it more dear.

Of all earth-music 't is a part;

It soars to heaven with prayer's white dove;

And yet — sweet paradox of love! —

'T is hidden deep within my heart.

HER BONNET

H. B.

Oh, my lady wears a bonnet
That is like a perfect sonnet,
For it hath great riches in a little space;
And when tied beneath her chin,
Wingèd fancies caged within
Flit like timid birds across her lovely face.

'T is a Quakerish little bonnet
With no furbelows upon it;
Just a casement for the light from yonder
skies:
For sometimes, all unaware,
I have seen a soul at prayer,
Through the open window of her lifted eyes.

Oh, I wonder, will she don it —
That demure, Sabbatic bonnet —
When she stands to sing amid the heavenly
choir?
With her pure Madonna face
That seems always saying grace,
She will surely wear some aureole up higher.

THE HOMING DOVE

By midnight sun, in wide bewildering waste,
Intrepid Nansen loosed his carrier bird,
With cheering message 'neath its wing, though
 blurred

With hero's tears, and bade it speed with
 haste.

Full thirty moons and countless lights had
 graced

The Arctic sky, when at her window, heard
The eager wife a sudden sound that stirred
Her spirit's deep with rapturous foretaste.

So, Dearest, should inviolate fate decree
That I should first explore Eternity,
At thy heart's lattice do I bid thee wait
For wingèd messenger; who, soon or late,
Shall bear glad tidings from the dim Unknown,
When Love, a homing bird, has backward
 flown.

LOVE'S INTERPRETERS

Give me the quill of a lark,
And dip it in violet dyes,
That my darling's ear may hark
To the song of the bird, and her eyes
The soul of the flower surprise.

Find me an ocean shell
On the strand of eternity,
That her heart may catch the swell
Of that soundless shoreless sea,
Love's ebbless tide in me.

Stay me a ray of light
As it flashes from sky to earth;
Let a tear-drop bar its flight,
That she may read love's worth
In a rainbow's beauteous birth.

Fetch me the bough of the tree
Where Robin woke the day:
It shall flood with ecstasy
Her heart; and May, sweet May,
Shall burgeon there alway.

A LOVE SONG

GOD'S VALENTINE

He wrote the line in flowery script
On page of brown;
Then with a hand in snowflakes dipped
The leaf turned down:
And when the crocus through the mold
Doth shyly peer,
'Twill spell in white and blue and gold,
"I love you, dear."



A LOVE SONG

She is coming! she is coming!
Ah! like ruby-throats a-humming
In the honeyed vines of June,
This bright fragment of a tune
Round my heart-strings flutters, lingers,
With its light, caressing fingers,
All melodious thoughts up-summing
In the sweetest — "She is coming!"

MY SONG

She is coming! she is coming!
All the bees of Hybla humming
Could not thread my heart's sweet spaces
As that swift thought interlaces,
Like a singing shuttle weaving
Tuneful patterns past believing;
On a sudden, pausing, dumb
With new rapture — She has come!



MY SONG

Four little words, whose soft refrain
Falls on my heart like summer rain
And bids its desert bloom again, —
 "Thank God for Darling."

Each night when on my couch I lie,
Like little birds let loose they fly,
And seek their home in yonder sky, —
 "Thank God for Darling."

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

When Morn with rosy finger-tips
The shining bolts of memory slips,
The eager words leap from my lips, —
 “Thank God for Darling.”

No day so drear, no night so dark,
But this sweet song, like meadowlark,
Soars upward till the angels hark, —
 “Thank God for Darling.”

O when I meet that glorious Friend
Who dared to me His jewel lend,
I'll with my hallelujahs blend
 “Thank God for Darling.”



FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

Look, Dearest, on this page of white
The heavens let fall on yesternight;
Now written o'er with frozen tunes

LOVE'S LARGE'SS

Of winter birds, and squirrel runes: —
O read between the mystic lines
The sweetest of all valentines —

Save one: when evening hangs on high
Her lunar lamp, and all the sky
Is lettered plain with starry names,
O read by those celestial flames
That sweetest, dearest one of thine,
My heaven-recorded Valentine.



LOVE'S LARGE'SS

"Love you?" I even love the vagrant air
Beseeching for an alms of your sweet breath;
The violet that on your breast courts death;
The sunbeam coining gold from your bright
hair;
The rose whose lovely blush your cheek doth
dare

LOVE'S LOGIC

To shame; the grassblade growing proud be-
neath

Your foot's caress; the artful bird that saith
"Sweet, Sweet!" the echo in your heart to
snare.

I love the silence where your thought doth
brood

In holy calm; the dim, far solitude
Frequented by your spirit when it woos
Immortal blisses. Yea, I cannot choose
But to love God the more for loving thee,
And Heaven, when in thine eyes its light I see.



LOVE'S LOGIC

If in my heart the springs of tenderness,
Like Elim's fount well upward night and day
For thee, dear pilgrim o'er life's desert way;
If all my being thrills with joy to bless,
And throbs with anguish at thy soul's distress;
If gladly I the costliest price would pay

"THE GREATEST THING"

To shield thy heart, beloved, from dismay;
If every thought of thee is a caress,—
Shall I distrust the Power that fashioned me,
And made my heart a deep, pure well of love?
Nay: till the flowing river shuns the sea,
Till springing fountains rise their source above,
Adoring, trusting, I'll commit my treasure
To One whose perfect love can know no
measure.



"THE GREATEST THING"

I have a priceless jewel,
Concealed from mortal sight;
More glorious than the Kohinoor,—
That drop of rainbow light.
It makes my soul a palace
Sun-lighted for the King
Who is the Greatest Thing.

· RELIGION



RELIGION

LITTLE FIELD PREACHERS



NLY the grasses,
Blossoming grasses,
Loading with incense and beauty the air;
Each little preacher,
An eloquent teacher
Of the good God and His marvelous care.

"If He so clothe us,
If He so clothe us,"
Softly they murmur in solemn accord,
"Shall not your Father
Clothe you much rather,
Child of His promises, heir of His word?"

LITTLE FIELD PREACHERS

"Do but consider
A lily, and bid her
Disclose how she grows, in such beauty arrayed
As Solomon's splendor
Never could lend her, —
Queenliest blossom that God ever made!"

"If he so dress us,
If He so bless us,"
Lily and grasses in unison sing,
"Why do you borrow
Care for the morrow,
Child of Eternity, heir of the King?"

Dearest of teachers,
Christ's little preachers,
Learning His wisdom I sit at your feet:
Never a sorrow
Or care will I borrow;
No anxious thought for raiment or meat.

A PARABLE

He whose good pleasure
Bids me seek treasure
Laid up in Heaven, regardeth my need;
God for the raven
Hath food and a haven,
Surely His child He will shelter and feed.



A PARABLE

When God first made a little bird,
For sheer delight,
He gifted it with power of song
But not of flight.

Then by its side he gently laid
Those untried things
That we in human parlance call
A pair of wings;

And said, "My little one, this load
Uplift, and see

A PARABLE

Beneath this strange disguise, my love's
Sweet thought for thee."

The feathered darling serious grew;
A sudden sob
Choked all the music in its throat,
And seemed to rob

The air of sunshine; yet it gave
A patient nod,
And said: "I'll bear it for your sake,
Dear Father God";

Then on reluctant shoulders, firm
The burden laid;
And lo! the merry winds of heaven
About it played,

Until in very ecstasy
It spurned the ground;
And borne upon its lifted load,
Glad freedom found.

A TUNEFUL BIRD

O mortal, shrinking from thy cross,
Behold the birds!
And learn the dearest meaning yet
Of those sweet words.



A TUNEFUL BIRD

Ah, Lord, I'll be Thy little bird;
And sing the sweetest songs e'er heard,
To Him who crumbs of comfort flings
To every soul that tries its wings.

And when on slender bough I rest
Or seek the shelter of my nest,
Still, still, my happy heart shall beat
In hallelujahs low and sweet.

And though the bending bough may break,
And though the storm my covert shake,
The wind that wrecks shall bear along
The trembling music of my song.

AN APRIL BIBLE

An antique missal sere with age,
This old world opens at the page
Where, wrought in exquisite design,
Illuminated Scriptures shine.

A lyric from the heart of God
Is penciled on the emerald sod —
A shepherd psalm of water's still,
Gold lettered by a daffodil.

Upon a forest leaf apart,
The sweet outbreathings of the heart
In symbol fair are lifted up
From incense-filled arbutus cup.

Beneath the corner folded down,
Hepaticas on leaves of brown
Are syllabing in accents dim
An older than a Vedic hymn.

Along the margins, butterflies
Attest the truth, "We shall arise";

IN PASTURES GREEN

And birds are tuning vernal airs
To this sweet strain, "Our Father cares."

O sacred month of all the year!
Its Genesis a smile, a tear;
Its Revelation rainbow spanned,
And glorified by God's own hand.

From death to life, its Gospel brief
Inscribed on every veining leaf;
Through life to love, its blessed word
Sung clear by every happy bird.



IN PASTURES GREEN

I never seek refreshing shade
Where cool the river gleams,
Or wander in a grassy glade
Fed by the little streams,
But "waters still" through "pastures green"
Flow softly in my thought serene.

IN PASTURES GREEN

The silly sheep I do not see
At smallest noises start,
And headlong to their covert flee
With beatings of the heart,
But that good Shepherd I behold
Whose love is like a sheltering fold.

I cannot hear a lambkin bleat
Or show a piteous fear,
But in his startled eye I meet
A woe without a peer;
For that dear Lamb of God I see
Whose blood was shed on Calvary.

My God, I thank Thee for the sheep
That through the uplands stray,
And put the Bible meaning deep
In such a simple way
That none who reads, in vain shall look
At this green page in Nature's book.

"SHOWERS OF BLESSING"

All night the gentle raindrops laid
Soft fingers of caressing
On every young and tender blade,
Athirst for "showers of blessing."

Now fields smile back in living green,
The withered earth adorning;
With blossoms scattered in between,
As for her bridal morning.

So, Lord, upon this parchèd heart,
Thy dewy fingers pressing,
A million tiny blades would start,
That wait for "showers of blessing."

The vivid green of faith new-born
Hope's tender buds would cherish;
And love's consummate flower adorn
A wreath that could not perish.

Dear Lord, my soul's athirst for Thee,
And yearns for Thy caressing;

A SONG IN THE NIGHT

O lay a gracious hand on me,
And bring down "showers of blessing."



A SONG IN THE NIGHT

Sing a little song of trust,
O my heart!
Sing it just because you must,
As leaves start;
As flowers push their way through dust;
Sing, my heart, because you must!

Wait not for an eager throng —
Bird on bird;
'T is the solitary song
That is heard.
Every voice at dawn will start;
Be a nightingale, my heart!

Sing when mists are drooping low —
Pierce the cloud;

THE LAND OF PSALMS

Sing across the winter snow,
Clear and loud;
But sing sweetest in the dark:
He who slumbers not will hark.



THE LAND OF PSALMS

When wintry want my soul o'ertakes,
And summer friend that soul forsakes,
With scrip and staff I seek for alms,—
A pilgrim through the Land of Psalms.

When I'm athirst for heavenly grace,—
As flies the doe from hunted chase
To cooling oasis of palms,—
I hie me to the Land of Psalms.

When billows bold and tempest stark
Have driven far my spirit-bark,
At last within a zone of calms,
I anchor by the Land of Psalms.

A GARMENT OF PRAISE

When I am sore of heart, and ill
With feverish care or doubt's dread chill,
A laden breeze with healing balms
Blows softly from the Land of Psalms.

Dear country of my spirit's birth,
Brief isthmus twixt heaven and earth,
Oh, may I on thy singing sand
Cross over to Immanuel's land!—
Sweet country where God spreads his palms
In benediction — Land of Psalms!



**"A GARMENT OF PRAISE FOR THE
SPIRIT OF HEAVINESS"**

One little tuneful, praiseful bird,
While all the world lay sleeping,
With joy that could not be restrained
His happy watch was keeping.

And through the casement open thrown,
The tender song came stealing

A GARMENT OF PRAISE

On sweet and blessed ministry,
A wondrous truth revealing

To one whose heart is open wide
To every heavenly meaning,
And in the fields of God alway
Some dewy sheaf is gleaming.

The dear old Bible verse reset
In Robin's artless story,
Bloomed in her heart and wreathed her
thought, —
A dewy morning-glory.

With love's keen insight, she divined
What I had shrunk from telling,
That heaviness my spirit filled
And from my eyes was welling.

With voice that cannot sweeter be
Until in heaven I hear it,
She clothed in words the robin's song, —
A garment for my spirit.

THE BETHLEHEM BROOK

Ah! little thought that artless bird
In happy tones out-trilling,
His joyous shuttle in and out
So fair a robe was filling!

The shining web of woven song
My weary soul adorning,
Flushed all my sky with rosy light
And made perpetual morning.



THE VOICE OF THE BETHLEHEM BROOK

Old as eternity, youthful as time,
Born of a sunbeam and a frost-rime,
Cradled in limestone, swung on the hills,
Rocked by the whirlwind, fed by the rills,
Young as eternity, — aeons of time
Wait on my childhood, measure my prime, —
Leaping and dancing, ever I go
Down from the heights to the valley below.

THE BETHLEHEM BROOK

Softly I purled through the Bethlehem field,
Coaxing the barley of Boaz to yield;
Crooned a low carol to Ruth as she gleaned,
Mirrored her beauty when o'er me she leaned;
Spake to her gently and gave her a sign
(Founder of Israel's royalest line),
Stones in my channel, a mystical five,
Sparkling like signets, seeming alive;
Polished the pebbles, awaiting the sling
Fateful, redemptive, of Israel's king, —
David, the keeper of sheep in the wild.
David, my nursling, Nature's own child,
Drew from my bosom, sweet melody's well,
Tones the angelical carol foretell.

"Gloria! gloria!" down from the skies
Swept the glad anthem as a bird flies;
Poised for a moment in the blue deep,
Tenderly brooding o'er shepherd and sheep;
Dovelike it fluttered, then flew to its cote;
Dovelike it nested — each heart-yearning note.
Still stood the stars in the firmament old;

ARBUTUS

Hushed grew the wavelets of wind on the
wold,
Silvered my ripples as fell from on high,
Into my being that song of the sky.
Evermore, evermore since, as I roll
On to the sea, I am bearing a soul, —
Gift of the Christ who in Bethlehem's stall,
Brought with his birth-pangs life unto all.
Yet to the poet alone I reveal
Heart of my heart, and the mystery seal;
Pledge him to utter in cipher my song,
Sweeter, diviner, as years roll along; —
Echo of melodies caught from the sky,
Prelude of harmonies waiting on high.



ARBUTUS

The grace that Holy Week had brought,
In nature's dearest haunt I sought:
Her alabaster box most sweet
Lay broken at the Master's feet.

FOLLOW ME

THE EMMAUS WALK

LUKE XXIV. 13

Two with Thee, blessed Lord, at set of sun;
Perchance a woman was the nameless one:
O grant that I, though no man know my name,
May walk with Thee when evening calls me
hame.



FOLLOW ME

"Only to follow," I had sung,
When hope ran high and life was young;
It seemed so easy just to keep
The forward step with lowland sheep.

I did not know, I could not guess
The way lay through a wilderness,
Where brambles thick beset the steep
So hard to climb by straggling sheep.

But once, a little, heedless lamb
Went straying from its bleating dam;

FOLLOW ME

And then I saw the Shepherd weep,
And call by name that woeful sheep,

As over hill and dale he went
To seek the lost; till, full content,
Upon his shoulders, fast asleep,
He gently bore that youngling sheep.

O tender Shepherd! this I know,
Your staff will guide through weal or woe;
No wolf shall seize, no shambles keep
One playful lamb or foolish sheep.

So on and on I follow, slow
Or fast, as thou dost bid me go;
I rest and graze, I run and leap,
Or climb to join the upland sheep;

Assured that every step is planned,
And none can pluck me from the hand
Of One who in the lowest deep
Was plunged to save His erring sheep.

LOVE'S DIVINING

Two lessons from the Word my heart
This Easter morn are thrilling;
And with a light from other worlds
My lifted eyes are filling:

One, that sweet story of the dawn,
The Easter joy foretelling,
Of that disciple who outran,
His eager love impelling.

The other, a sea-idyl strange,
Of simple folk a-fishing;
And One who stood upon the shore,
To gratify their wishing.

Then he whom Jesus loved cried out,
"It is the Lord!" divining
The radiant truth, as 'neath a cloud,
One sees a golden lining.

Ah, Blessed Lord! across the years
Thy empty tomb is pleading;

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

And on the shores of time thy form
Mankind are still unheeding.

Oh, may my eyes be swift to see,
Though other eyes are holden;
And love's impassioned eloquence
My timid lips embolden!

Oh, may my feet be swift to heed
The heart's most gentle warning;
Till in Love's Orient, each dawn
Becomes an Easter Morning!



THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

Once, only once, in the revolving years,
Celestial song has gladdened mortal ears;
Once, only once, has heaven come down to
earth
With angel tidings of a Saviour's birth.

ONLY TO FOLLOW

Not to the mighty, to the wise or great,
Did God unroll the starry scroll of fate;
But simple shepherds, keeping watch by night,
Beheld the glory break on mortal sight;
And humble ears, attuned to lofty word,
The gracious "Fear not" rapturously heard, —
Angelic prelude to the carol high
That swept with harmony the earth and sky.

Once, only once, that song to mortals came, —
Divinest spark of music's heavenly flame;
But evermore the deepening echoes roll
In tender cadence through each humble soul;
And simple folk, while keeping watch by night,
At duty's lowly shrine, with glorious light
Are flooded as of old from Bethlehem's sky,
And know that Christ, the Lord, is drawing
nigh.



ONLY TO FOLLOW

Only to follow: not to lead, —
A precious thought for human need!

THE NATIVITY

To follow One who knows the way
Unerringly, and cannot stray:—
 He is the way.

Only to follow: not to know
The reason why He leadeth so.
The clue He holds to life's dark maze,
And bids me thread its devious ways
 With songs of praise.

Only to follow: O my Lord,
I take thee at thy simple word.
The Shepherd thou, and I the sheep:
My footsteps thou wilt surely keep
 Up life's rough steep.



THE NATIVITY

In the Bethlehem manger centuries ago,
When the Lord of glory stooped to mortal woe,
Did Madonna Mary in her travail wist
She with God Almighty thus was keeping
 tryst?

THE NATIVITY

'Neath the solemn starlight in the Orient land,
When the air was quivering with the angel
band,
Did the wondering shepherds half the meaning
guess
Of the heavenly yearning all the world to
bless?

In the dewy sweetness of the pastures old,
When the flocks were huddled in the grassy
fold,
Did the angel music wake the drowsy sheep,
And the lambkins startle with a prescience
deep?

Ah, the deeds majestic of that wondrous hour!
Never moments freighted with so rich a dower;
Never actor weighted with so vast a role
As Madonna's Christus, Shepherd of the soul.

IN A GARDEN

• They laid him in a garden — the bruised Lord
of glory —
And sealed with stone the sepulcher that
held our Crucified.
But he could not be holden; O, read the wondrous story
That brims with joy believing hearts at
blessed Eastertide!

We plant them in a garden — the tiny seeds
unfolding
The living germ of wheat or corn; perchance some other grain;
But, O, the innate potency those barren husks
are holding
To penetrate the deepest mold or cleave the
rock in twain!

We lay them in a garden — our blessed dead
ones — knowing
The golden bowl is broken that held the
precious nard;

HIS VOICE

But God is in his Acre, and we are but seed-
sowing,
And all the fallow field shall soon with
Easter bloom be starred.



“HIS VOICE AS THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS”

Many waters! all of sweetness,
All of joy's bewildering fleetness,
Blended in divine completeness:

Gentle raindrops soft with feeling,
Fountains of the heart unsealing,
Memory's inmost self revealing.

Little brooks, their murmurs doubling,
As if Joy herself were troubling
Silence, into music bubbling.

Rushing rivers onward sweeping,
With their solemn pulses keeping
Time to most melodious weeping.

A MOUNTAIN PRAYER

Foaming cataracts descending,
All their vaporous beauty lending
To a melody unending.

Ever-flowing fountains falling,
In a jewelled mist entralling
Echo's self to softer calling.

Mighty oceans tempest rending,
In their awful triumph blending
Deepest dole and love transcending.

Many waters! who can render
Into speech their pathos tender!
Incommunicable splendor!

O, my spirit, hushed and waiting,
With that Voice thy Silence mating,
Clasp a blessedness unsating!



A MOUNTAIN PRAYER

O Thou who art the source of all
This beauty manifold, let fall

A MOUNTAIN PRAYER

Some grace from thy exhaustless store
To brim my cup of being o'er!
Blend with my spirit's sombre mood,
The joyous sheen of field and wood.
Blow from the mighty hills of Thought,
The Veritas my soul hath sought;
Thy truth, Eternal, nothing less,
My yearning spirit would possess.
And, O thou Dove, in pity brood
The soul flung on this solitude!
Alone, beneath the solemn sky,
Yet shadowed by infinity,
I glory in my being's scope,
Expanding with a larger hope.
What though the nearing thunders clash,
And lightning sabers round me flash!
The blast that rives yon mountain pine,
Can never touch this soul of mine:
For thou, O God, hast lifted me
Above this cloud immensity;
And cradled in its hollows deep,
As on thy breast, my trust I keep.

A MOUNTAIN PRAYER

Such help from these dear hills around,
My lifted eyes have often found;
But richer gifts and graces new,
My God, from thy dear hand I sue:
A mobile spirit quick to trace
Thy shining thoughts upon its face;
Like mountain lake or sea of wood,
Responsive to each heavenly mood.
Beget in me the strength sublime
To meet the awful storms of time;
And when the billows o'er me roll,
Like the great mountains may my soul
Emerge more beautiful and bright,
Transfigured in thy glorious light.
Yea, O my God, though like a scroll
The everlasting mountains roll
And hills depart, yet I would be
A deathless spirit still with thee.





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